come a little closer then you'll see, things aren't always what they seem to be

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by eat_the_rude

Summary

Set towards the end of season 1 episode 8; an alternate version of events when Hannibal says he was worried that Will was dead.

Notes

this is my first fic so apologies if it’s awful haha!! very small lil one shot, might do some more if the mood strikes me. big up to my lovely beta maggie who beta'd this despite having never seen hannibal ;)))
title is from come a little closer by cage the elephant
the link for the moment it's based off, it you were wondering: https://youtu.be/1J0cJwSvpBU [up until 0.35]

Everything hurt. Of course it did, he'd been stabbed in the leg in what had been in a pretty serious fight, but what hurt the most was the fear that Will might be dead. After everything, Hannibal wouldn't have been able to live with himself if he'd sent Will off to his death.

Footsteps came from the corridor outside, and Hannibal snapped his head up, hoping against hope that the person he cared about more than anything else would walk in.

Jack Crawford appeared in the doorway, and Hannibal fought against the tears threatening to ripple through him. But - a second later - there he was.

Will cautiously stepped over the threshold, looking slightly dazed, but otherwise fine. The reckless, stupid, unbearably sweet man slowly walked over to Hannibal's desk, looking slightly shocked by the scene around him, and Hannibal realised he couldn't stand it anymore.

Rising, and gritting his teeth against the wave of nausea from the pressure on his leg, he cleared his throat. Will glanced towards him, and Hannibal said in a voice far too shaky for his liking, "Will. I was worried you were dead."

Will gave a sardonic chuckle in reply. "No. Not yet, at least."

"Please Will, do not say that. I truly do not think I could bear it."

At this, Will turned fully towards him, meeting his gaze. It was as if everything else had faded into the background; nothing mattered except for this beautiful, foolish, self-deprecating man who Hannibal knew he would do anything for.

Will let out a quiet breath and moved so that he was standing face to face with the psychiatrist. When Will was close enough that Hannibal could feel their breath mingling, he reached out a hand and put it gently on the Hannibal's cheek, slowly moving his thumb back and forth in a soothing gesture.

"Hey, hey. Hannibal, no don't cry, please- "

Hannibal hadn't even realised he had been crying, and absentmindedly touched his damp cheek that wasn't occupied by Will's hand. He loosed a quiet breath.

"Would you mind," Hannibal whispered, "if I kissed you?"

Will's eyes widened. He looked like a startled deer, so *achingly* beautiful, and nodded his head, almost imperceptibly.

Hannibal cleared his throat, and stepped away from Will, scrubbing at his eyes. "Of course. My apologies, it was foolish of me to ask."

"What- what are you doing?"

“I asked if you would mind if I kissed you, and you nodded. Indicating that you would mind. Which, of course, is perfectly understandable.”

Will’s eyes closed and he tipped his head back slightly. “For fuck’s sake.”

Then he surged towards Hannibal and their lips met and it was everything he’d ever wanted. There was a slightly metallic taste of blood on Will’s lips, and it was driving Hannibal crazy.

“*Hey*! What the *hell* is going on?”

Shit. Jack Crawford - seemingly ever present. The fireworks ended abruptly as they pulled apart, both slightly out of breath. Will looked abashed as he turned towards Crawford, and Hannibal smirked, schooling his face into a mask of calm neutrality as he turned towards the outraged agent.

“Please, Mr Crawford. We are adult men, and we may kiss whomever we want.”

Crawford let out an exasperated sigh. “I know that. I don’t give a shit who you’re fuckin’, but I’d prefer if you could tell us about the crime scene, and then move away from it before you get down to business.”

Will attempted to hide a smile.

Hannibal nodded coolly.

“Yes, of course,” he said, “tell me what you need to know and I will help however I can.” And then, in a whisper to Will, “there is always later, and we will have all the time in the world.”

The cannibal/serial killer’s heart swelled slightly at the way Will’s breath caught in his throat, and the eager way in which he nodded. Perhaps other people didn’t need to suffer for him to find pleasure. Perhaps Will could help him be happy in normal ways.

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